

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 53—No. 13.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1875.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS DAY. The Programme will include: Overture, *St John the Baptist* (Macfarren); Sacred Cantata, "My Spirit was in Heaviness" (Bach), first time in England; Die Allmacht (Schubert), adapted for tenor, chorus of tenors and basses, and full orchestra, by Liszt; Overture, *Athalie* (Mendelssohn). Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Bessie Palmer; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Whitney. The Crystal Palace Choir. Violoncello—Signor Piatti. Organist—Dr Stainer. Conductor—Mr MANNS. Numbered stalls, Half-a-Crown.

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CONTENTS.

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2. THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN CHAUCER. By the Rev. T. H. L. LEARY, D.C.L.
3. THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY. A Novel. By JOHN DANGERFIELD, Author of "Grace Tolmar," &c.
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SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The Saturday afternoon concerts in St James's Hall, originally an offshoot from the Monday evening entertainments, long firmly established, are now inseparable from the parent institution. Their immediate object was the convenience of amateurs residing in the suburbs—many, indeed in the country—to whom a journey late at night, even after a rich musical treat, was a heavy task, and occasionally one of no small difficulty. They have, moreover, proved of inestimable benefit to schools where "early to bed and early to rise" is an indispensable rule, affording opportunities for lessons by example hardly to be obtained elsewhere, lessons which nothing in the shape of precept could endow with the persuasive force calculated to promote emulation and kindle a desire for study and improvement. The success of the Saturday Popular Concerts has been commensurate with the excellent intentions that led to their establishment. The same artists who appear on Monday evenings appear also on Saturday afternoons, the only difference being that on Saturdays, for evident reasons, the programmes are somewhat shorter.

The afternoon concert of the day before yesterday was as favourable a specimen of its kind as could be wished. Being the last for the present season, the selection was more varied than on ordinary occasions, and thus, inevitably, somewhat longer than usual. No one complained, however, of a programme so attractive as the one of which we subjoin a brief outline:—

Quartet, in C major, Op. 76, No. 3 (strings) ...	Haydn.
Song, "Tre giorni son che Nina" ...	Pergolesi.
Capriccio, in E major, Op. 33 (pianoforte) ...	Mendelssohn.
Ritornello, Siciliana, and Gavotte (violoncello) ...	{ Veracini and Geminiani.
Song, "O, swallow, swallow" ...	Piatti.
Polonaise, in C major, Op. 89 (pianoforte) ...	Beethoven.
Trio, in B flat, Op. 37 (pianoforte and strings) ...	Beethoven.
Song, "The Erl King" ...	Schubert.
Introduction and Polonaise Brillante (pianoforte and violoncello) ...	Chopin.

The hall was crowded; and among the audience was her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, who has frequently honoured these Saturday "afternoons" with her presence. The performance from first to last more than carried out expectation. That Haydn's quartet—at one time one of the most popular, if not absolutely the most popular, in the unprecedentedly large catalogue of such works contributed to art by the famous old master—was perfectly executed by MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, may be taken for granted. The early vogue of this quartet, it is affirmed, was mainly attributable to the graceful and ingenious variations upon the Austrian National Hymn, "God save the Emperor," forming the second movement. This is probably true; but just as in the case of the "Surprise" Symphony, which earned both title and popularity from a movement similarly contrived, the quartet in C has much more to say for itself, each movement, the *finale* especially, deserving close attention. The next instrumental piece—second of three "capriccios" composed at different periods by Mendelssohn, but published in a series dedicated to his intimate friend, Karl Klingemann—is the one preferred by Schumann, who said that it carried the initials, "F. M. B." on every page, comparing it further on (*Gesammelte Schriften*) with "one of Walt's summer flights into the country in Jean Paul Richter's *Flegel Jahre*." This "capriccio" has always been a favourite with Mr Charles Hallé; and nobody gives it with greater delicacy and finesse. It is precisely suited to the refined style and accurate manipulation invariably distinguishing this gentleman's playing. The three pieces for violoncello—two by Veracini (from a sonata) and one by Geminiani—exhibited Signor Piatti in his very best mood as an exponent of the old Italian masters. Veracini and Geminiani—the latter contemporary of Corelli, with whom he studied, the former contemporary and rival of Tartini—were among the greatest violinists of a country which, later, gave birth to Viotti and Paganini. It is more than probable that the three movements executed with such consummate taste and skill on Saturday were originally composed for

violin; they suit the violoncello, however, just as well, and, with the pianoforte accompaniment added by Signor Piatti himself (entrusted to Mr Hallé), are remarkably effective. The audience shared this opinion, as might be easily gathered from the applause elicited by the great artist who has held the post of leading violoncello, with rare intermission, ever since the 14th of February, 1859, when the first of the "Popular Concerts" was given by Mr S. Arthur Chappell, their originator and still indefatigable director. There was another pianist on this special occasion—Mdlle Marie Krebs, who is taking firmer and firmer hold on the public. At this no one who has watched her career can feel surprised. The repertory of Mdlle Krebs seems to be unlimited, and her memory never fails. The piece chosen for her solo display on Saturday—a Polonaise composed by Beethoven in 1814, dedicated to the Empress of Russia—had not been introduced before at the "Popular Concerts;" but, if we may judge by the cordial manner in which it was welcomed, it is likely to be heard of very soon again. It was rendered with a vigour and rhythmical precision which the composer himself would have approved; but, despite no less than three calls to the platform, Mdlle Krebs had the good sense respectfully to decline the "encore." She doubtless bore in mind that the greatest and longest of Beethoven's six trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello was to come immediately after; and for such artistic self-denial she merits high commendation. The trio—among the most famous tributes paid by the illustrious composer to his friend and patron, Archduke Rodolphe—was, in fact, the conspicuous feature of the programme. Here is one of those inspired pieces in which, by the agency of some potent charm of which he alone has the secret, Beethoven can make people travel with him for an indefinite period, and leave them at the end of his story, not, like the unwilling guest in the *Ancient Mariner*, wearied, listless, and down-hearted, but the livelier and happier for what they have heard. To signal out only one of the four movements—who could ever feel tired of those fanciful variations on one of the most expressive and melodious of themes? The breaking off, unexpectedly, through a sudden transition, leading to the *finale*, in another key, however disappointing to the majority of listeners who would like to hear more and more of the same strain, is a true stroke of genius. No composer ever knew better when he had developed a melody to its fullest extent than Beethoven. How the B flat trio was performed, after stating that the executants were Hallé, Joachim, and Piatti, may be left to the imagination. Better interpreted it could not possibly have been. The brilliant Polonaise of Chopin, with its short introduction (last instrumental "number" in the programme), was confided to Mdlle Krebs and Signor Piatti—competent hands, it need scarcely be added. Some might have felt disposed to complain that the same programme comprised two Polonaises in the same key; but, as there is very little in common—the mere rhythmical turn allowed for—between the Polonaise of Beethoven and that of Chopin, there was less cause to grumble. Only one singer took part in this concert; but that singer was Mr Santley, a host in himself. In an air by Pergolesi, Signor Piatti's charming song, "O, Swallow, Swallow" (with violoncello *obbligato* by the composer), and Schubert's "Erl King," Mr Santley, not for the first time by many, showed himself a practised adept in three wholly different styles, delighting the audience in each. The accompanist at the piano was Sir Julius Benedict. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales remained to the very end of the performance.

On Monday evening, the "Director's Night," when Herr Joachim, Herr Straus, Signor Piatti, Madame Norman-Néruda, Mdlle Marie Krebs, Dr Hans von Bülow, Mr Charles Hallé, and other artists appeared, brought the 17th season and 517th "Popular Concert" to an end, with one of J. S. Bach's concertos for three pianofortes, in which the above-mentioned pianists took part, Herr Joachim leading the orchestral accompaniments. More of this in our next.

VIENNA.—*Cagliostro in Wien*, the last operetta from the pen of Herr Johann Straus, has been successfully produced at the Theater an der Wien, with Mdlle Geisinger in the principal female character,

IN MEMORY OF A GERMAN COMPOSER.*

It was 25 years, a few weeks ago, namely on the 14th December, 1874, since Conradin Kreutzer, the composer, died at Riga, far from the land of his birth. In his day he was one of the most celebrated men in Germany, and one of her most highly esteemed artists; and he is still, on account of the genuine nationality of his compositions, a favourite with Germans. At a time when no vocal festival took place, nay, when hardly a choral performance was given, at which his songs did not constitute the principal attraction of the programme, the famous composer was passing the last years of his life at Riga in quiet retirement and modest, or almost necessitous, circumstances. People in other lands sang and exulted in his splendid melodies, without knowing where the composer of them was, or how he was situated.

It was in the autumn of the year 1848 that Kreutzer went to Riga, without any of the public there having the slightest notion that he was coming. His arrival was first made more generally known one evening, during an operatic performance at the theatre, by a unanimous movement among the members of the orchestra, who kept looking at one of the boxes. The object of their curiosity was the famous composer, who had not long arrived, and who had visited the Town Theatre for the first time.

It is to his modesty, and, also, to the secret pride combined with it, that we must attribute the fact that, at Riga, as well as at other places where he previously resided, he was, up to the last, in what may be called straitened circumstances, without anyone's having an opportunity of rendering his existence more easy. In his unpretentiousness, in his horror of everything approaching, in the remotest degree, puffery, he bore a strong resemblance to Franz Schubert.

He did not go to the northern city, as incorrectly asserted in nearly all the biographical notices respecting him, in consequence of his engagement as a conductor. He went there with his daughter who was engaged at the Town Theatre, and, though enjoying a fair reputation abroad, was still his pupil. He wanted to make her what he considered as perfect and ideal a vocalist as possible. It was one of his many bitter disappointments that her voice soon lost its beauty. Already incapable of regular and severe exertion, Kreutzer lived with his wife and daughter on the latter's salary and the little he gained by giving singing lessons. On one occasion only did he appear as conductor at Riga, and this was in the theatre on the 16th February, 1849, when *Das Nachtlager in Granada* was performed for his daughter's benefit. With this exceptional direction of his own opera, his career as a conductor terminated for ever. The public took advantage of the occasion especially to distinguish so famous a composer. He was overwhelmed with all possible demonstrations of approbation and respect. His career as a composer ended, like Lortzing's, to which it bears a strong resemblance, with a song in couplets: "Mädchen und Blumen." He composed it for Herr Butterweck, with whom he was on friendly terms, and who was then engaged at the Riga Theatre as low comedian. Herr Butterweck, himself the author of the words, introduced and sang the song in the comic picture of popular life entitled, *Der Unbedeutende*. It was subsequently published. It bears the character of an unpretending occasional piece, and exhibits no trace of Kreutzer's once rich melody.

Partly no doubt from the weakness of age, and partly from the oppressive feeling that he was no longer capable of intellectual productivity he had, even before he went to Riga, fallen a prey to apathy, which rendered him quite different to what he had once been, artistically and socially. From this feeling he recovered only momentarily now and then. Although he was of not more than middling height, there had always been, a few years previously, something imposing about his appearance. His bearing had been stately and erect, and the expression of his countenance, its mildness notwithstanding, clear, decided, and ingenuous. All this was now changed. His bodily vigour had almost degenerated into corpulency, in which, without doubt, lay the cause of his death, the germ of the apoplectic stroke which carried him off the following year. Good music, or animated conversation respecting it, would sometimes make the old flame of his enthusiasm for art blaze up again, like fire from dying embers. This was, for instance,

the case at the vocal meetings of the Riga Liedertafel, and at the musical parties got up by art-loving private persons, when chamber music was performed in a small circle of professional musicians and amateurs. On such occasions, he always manifested the most obliging readiness to play pianoforte pieces, and, when he extemporised, his former genius is said frequently to have peered out from the keys in a pleasing and attractive manner, and sometimes exactly as though it wanted sadly to take leave of the old master; for the latter, only too often, directly he had finished playing, was again silent and plunged within himself. On the 14th December, 1849, a few weeks after he had kept his sixty-seventh birthday, an apoplectic fit delivered him from a life in which he no longer found much enjoyment. As, moreover, her engagement at the theatre had expired and not been renewed, his daughter found herself with her mother in the greatest need. The proceeds of a concert got up by the Liedertafel for the benefit of the two beings thus left behind, together with other assistance from the same society, saved them for the moment from the extremes of want. The daughter is said shortly afterwards to have become the wife of a merchant abroad. The Liedertafel had the deceased composer buried with fitting solemnity, and is, at the present day, the guardian and keeper of his lonely grave.

Thus, when the memory of him had already to a certain extent died away in the scenes of his former triumphs, ended an artist who for many years had been honoured in Germany as very few other artists had been honoured, and who was a favourite with the people. With the innumerable laurel wreaths which he won first as a pianist, and then as the composer of unsurpassed choral pieces, melodious songs, popular operas and melodramas, sterling specimens of chamber music, and sacred productions, the gifts of fortune were by no means combined. He had nearly always to struggle with pecuniary difficulties. The helplessness in practical matters, so often accompanying geniality, was the cause of this as well as of the fact that he could never gain a firm footing by means of a professional appointment.

As already hinted above, no different was the fate of another favourite of the German people, Albert Lortzing, who 14 years later, ended in Berlin a no less melancholy artistic existence. Our *Echo*, in its first annual series (1851) consecrated some impressive articles from the pen of its then editor, E. Kossak, to the catastrophe, and we take this opportunity of directing attention to them. In the one case as in the other, with Lortzing as with Kreutzer, there was an unsuccessful struggle for existence; in the one case as in the other, an apoplectic stroke brought a life of trouble to an easy end, and to neither composer was wanting the melancholy termination which surmounts the earthly pilgrimage of so many artists with a crown of martyrdom.

Dancing Days.

The band strikes up a lively air,
That sets young toes a-prancing;
I steal away and take a chair
To watch the others dancing.
I once could shake a nimble toe—
It's lost its spring (you know, *Ver*
Non semper viret)—be it so!
My dancing days are over!
I still can watch while others skip,
And think how erst I hopped it,
Ere gony toe, rheumatic hip,
And feeble ankle stopped it.
What need to envy lad or lass
Because they live in clover,
While I am munching chaff and
grass—
My dancing days are over!
Let happy youth enjoy its spring—
It will not last for ever!
In vain to its delights we cling,
Time forces us to sever.

So let them laugh while laugh they
can!
Who wishes them at—Dover,
Or farther—is a soured old man,
Whose dancing days are over!
But I am growing grey and old,
And looking-on is dreary;—
I feel I'm getting tired and cold,
And find the fun is weary.
From slippers and an easy chair,
Ah, why was I a rover; [there!—
Would I were now at home, for,
My dancing days are over!
I envy not the merry lot,
Who gaily skip and caper;—
But, oh, I miss my pipe and pot,
My fire, and evening paper.
Good night! I'm off! Nor will again
From my fire-side, by Jove, err.
Let others dance. To me it's plain,
My dancing days are over!
Fun.

BUSSETO.—The roof of the Teatro Comunale lately fell in, on account of the mass of snow accumulated on it. The damage is estimated at above 15,000 lire. Fortunately the Theatre is never open.

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

It was natural and right for the Philharmonic Society to make some public sign of regard for the genius and memory of Sterndale Bennett. In a letter of condolence to the children of our dead master, the directors said, "The Philharmonic Society claim the proud distinction of having discovered and fostered Sir Sterndale Bennett's genius from the very first." "This bond of union," they added, "will become a matter of history, and not only the existing but future members will be proud of their connection with the society of which he was also for many years so true and faithful a member, as well as the conductor of its concerts." By way of practical comment upon these very proper expressions, the directors gave up the first part of the opening programme to works from the pen of the late *chef d'orchestre*. We could find no fault, if ever so disposed to be captious, with the manner in which this was done on Thursday night. For the time, St James's Hall became the temple of Bennett's fame. A bust of the deceased master, modelled by Signor Trentanove, from a cast taken after death, faced the audience, and in front of the gallery was hung Millais's fine portrait. Best of all, Sterndale Bennett's genius was illustrated by works not included in the limited repertory from which other memorial performances have had their materials drawn. This time the G minor symphony, the F minor concerto, the *Naiades* and *Paradise* and the *Peri* overtures were passed by in favour of selections which, if not greater as music, were less familiar and better adapted to strengthen the public estimate of the composer's gifts. The concert began with all that Bennett completed of the incidental music to Sophocles's *Ajax*. Having in mind, perhaps, what Mendelssohn achieved for *Antigone* and *Edipus*, the composer intended to do the same for *Ajax*, and many amateurs will remember how, nearly three years ago, their hopes were raised by the production of an orchestral prelude to that tragedy at a Philharmonic Concert. The expectations thus formed were, however, doomed to be disappointed. Apart from some sketches for the last chorus, Bennett wrote only a Funeral March, which, after a repetition of the Prelude, was played for the first time on Thursday. We are thankful to have heard it, and also that the Prelude has had another chance of revealing its mingled strength and delicacy. Here is no common music, apart from the fact that, like everything Bennett wrote, it is polished to the last degree. The dramatic significance of the movement cannot be overlooked, but even upon this we do not insist so much as upon those qualities, hard to define though irresistible in their action, which constitute the impress of genius. In every passage a master speaks; and therefore those who have ears for a master's language cannot choose but hear. This is even more obviously the case in the Funeral March.

"But come all ye who would attend
The last departure of a friend,
Hither in solemn procession strong,
Bearing the solemn bier along,
Following the dead for a little way,
Out of the light of the glaring day."

The lines suggest a recent scene in Westminster Abbey, of which he who illustrated them had no prevision when composing his last work. None the less striking, however, is the coincidence, and with none the less interest was the music heard by those among a strangely cold audience who leavened the gathering with a little sympathy. The March is, anyhow considered, a noteworthy production. It is so in its masterful grasp of resources and command of expression, and equally so in its wide divergence from the composer's general style. Bennett's muse loved tenderness and gentle grace, but here it is noble and grand—masculine in force, and marked by no more of softness than just so much as is needed to complete an heroic character. The work, therefore, came as a surprise, and, if possible, heightened our regret that he who achieved it lies where there is neither "knowledge nor device." But we have the consolation of knowing that his swan's song is worthy of his fame, and not a memorial of exhausted fancy and decaying power. Following the march came *The Woman of Samaria*—that strangely neglected, though altogether beautiful work, the day of which has yet to dawn. Some one said of Bach that he wrote not for his own century,

but for the next; and if Bennett's cantata has been treated with neglect it is because the music is literally "music of the future." The time will come when its uncompromising adherence to the highest behests of art, its utter disdain of clap-trap, its solid yet graceful structure, its grave though tender sentiment, and its musicianly skill, will meet with acknowledgment. That time may never be ours, in which case so much the worse for us, because we cannot share the credit of it; but, at all events, we are happy to believe that justice will sooner or later reward a noble creation of art. The Philharmonic Society did good service by producing the cantata—so much good service that we will not be severe upon the many shortcomings of the performance.

The second part of the concert was distinguished by Herr Joachim's splendid execution of Mendelssohn's violin concerto. Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr Cummings, and Mr Santley were the solo vocalists; Mr Cousins, as usual, occupying the conductor's seat.

MR H. L. BATEMAN.

Few deaths could cause such general and profound regret among the best class of English playgoers as that of Mr H. L. Bateman, which, as already announced, occurred on Monday night. A native of Maryland, he became equally celebrated on both sides of the Atlantic, and his biography, which is worthy to be written, would tell the story of an admirable energy and a sound judgment employed on as high a purpose as lay within the sphere of his activity. He has appeared in three capacities. First, he was known as the father of the "Bateman Children," who were famed for the display of histrionic talent at a very early age. Infant Roscii commonly balance the precocity of their youth with an inglorious maturity, but while the younger "child" has long retired into private life, the elder (now Mrs Crowe) remains with us, and retains all her popularity. It was as the father of Miss Bateman and the director of her performances that Mr Bateman appeared in his second capacity. In the third, which dates from the autumn of 1871, when he became manager of the Lyceum Theatre, he stood gallantly forward as the promoter of an intellectual and morally irreproachable drama at a day when the theatrical world was threatened with a deluge of vice and frivolity. The marvellously-successful revival of *Hamlet* was the crowning triumph of the "old Colonel," as he was familiarly called in theatrical circles, and this had reached its height when he almost suddenly expired.

A correspondent sends to the *Times* the following particulars respecting Mr Bateman's sudden death.

"On Sunday last Mr Henry Irving gave a dinner to a large number of theatrical friends, of whom Mr Bateman was one, at the Pall Mall Restaurant. Mr Irving's hospitality having been prolonged somewhat beyond the legal hour for closing licensed houses, about half-past 11 o'clock he was surprised by the appearance of a posse of police constables, headed by their superior officer, who rather unceremoniously required that the company should at once separate. Mr Bateman, who was sitting upon Mr Irving's right hand, being of a somewhat excitable temperament, protested in good set terms, at the same time offering his address-card and those of several other gentlemen present to the chief officer, who is stated to have peremptorily replied that he wanted no cards, but that what he required was the immediate dispersal of the party. Mr Bateman was excessively indignant, and, having given expression to his feelings, presently withdrew to the Westminster Club, of which he and several of the gentlemen present were members. At the Club the incident narrated formed the subject of animated discussion up to an advanced hour, when the company separated, Mr Bateman returning to his residence at Rutland Gate. Rising at an early hour on Monday morning he was in the act of dressing, when he complained of an unusual pain in the region of the heart, and, complying with the advice of his family, he lay down upon his bed, where he remained throughout the day. In the evening Miss Isabel Bateman left her father's house to enact her rôle of Ophelia at the Lyceum Theatre, without the smallest apprehension of the serious nature of her father's illness. At 7 o'clock Mr Bateman appeared to be in a calm sleep. Shortly after 9 o'clock he was discovered to be dead, and the medical man summoned on the instant pronounced that death must have occurred fully two hours previously. Intelligence of the sad event reached the theatre about 10 o'clock, but it was prudently considered desirable not to interrupt the performance, and Miss Bateman, while passionately declaiming upon the death of her fictitious parent Polonius, was happily ignorant of the death at the same moment of her own father."

DEATH.

On the 18th March, Mr WILLIAM MANN, professor of the clarinet—well known and much respected.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LINMANNER.—The work is not one to be criticized seriously. Judging by its contents, and the manner of their arrangement, it may be compared with a huckster's store, or the warehouse of a rag and bottle merchant. Mistakes as to fact are the rule, not the exception. Grammar equivocal; English ostracized (where not gallicized); criticism, which is not criticism at all. In his preface the author owns his obligations to divers pundits; but the worth of these obligations it would be difficult to weigh. There is a continued obtrusion of personality, at the expense of impersonality, although the author hides his name (and light) under a bushel of bushels.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1875.

THE twenty-fifth Monday Popular Concert of the season 1874-75 was one of more than average interest. The programme was nicely balanced between the old school and the new, aptly illustrating the gradual progress, step by step, from one to the other. There was, for instance, Haydn—"Papa Haydn," so-called, although his musical utterances sound younger and fresher than those of a vast number of his progeny; then Beethoven, who, as Schumann said of Schubert, "flashed like a fiery meteor in the skies;" then Schumann, Beethoven's most zealous champion and disciple; and, lastly, Brahms, Schumann's hope, when yet in ripe maturity the elder master was himself no longer productive. The instrumental part was drawn from these fertile sources. We have one objection to urge, however, against the manner in which the programme was laid out. Instead of Brahms coming first, and Haydn last, it would strike most amateurs that Haydn should come first, and Brahms last—unless Mr Chappell may have had it in his head to give the old master the final word, and thus allow him, in his own familiar way, to protest, or nod approval, as to the manner in which the art had been progressing since he ceased to contribute to its treasures. It is not very likely that Haydn's verdict would have been unfavourable, admitting that the examples of modern music here submitted to his judgment represent the absolute *status quo*. True, the opening movement of his own quartet in D minor (so closely akin to Mozart's in the same key), one of the six, by the way, dedicated to Haydn, begins rather gloomily; but, as the work proceeds, the mists disperse, and long before the end of the *rondo* all is sunshine. None knew better than Haydn that art must move on. He was himself an innovator, and a pioneer of progress.

Each of the concerted pieces was led by Herr Joachim, who stands, if possible, still higher than before in public favour. He is playing more magnificently than ever, unfolding the beauties and interpreting the meaning of the greatest masters, from J. S. Bach—to Mendelssohn (we need not fill up the hiatus with other well-known names), in his own incomparable manner, occasionally introducing some of those extraordinary compositions of earlier writers for the violin, chiefly Italian, which may be said to have led gradually up to Paganini, who, with consummate ability, put them all to their

proper uses, and blended them into one style—which style became his own. With these we need scarcely say that Herr Joachim is as conversant as with the sonatas of Bach, the quartets of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and Schubert. On the occasion to which we now refer no display piece of the kind, however, was set down for the magnanimous "*virtuoso*," whose exertions were limited to the concerted music which formed a conspicuous feature in the programme. For Brahms Herr Joachim has always entertained a special predilection. To him we owe the introduction (1867) of the sextet (first of two works in the same form), which headed the programme in question; and, indeed, Herr Joachim has done more than anyone else to encourage and promote a taste in this country for the music of Germany's "rising star." He plays it *con amore*, with an intense earnestness and warmth of expression that cannot fail to enlist sympathy, and, as it were, by force compel hearers into feeling as he himself feels. This, the fourth performance of the sextet in B flat, is not very likely to be the last. Meanwhile what becomes of the sextet in G?

CONCERTS are becoming more and more numerous as the Spring advances. True, there is no longer that broad line of distinction which at one time, in the matter of musical entertainment, used to separate winter from summer; but there are still many amateurs who can only understand the London musical "season" as virtually beginning somewhere about the period when Italian singers, or, as may now be said, singers of all nationalities, come from abroad, to enchant the patrons of what, through force of habit, continues to be accepted as "Italian" opera. That glad period is close at hand, and upon it follows the temporary interruption of certain special undertakings which, at St James's Hall, Exeter Hall, the Royal Albert Hall, St George's Hall, the Crystal Palace, &c., for six months and more, have provided largely for the taste of the great musical public. We must shape our course accordingly. Indeed, there is no alternative to speak of—none, at any rate, worth an hour's consideration.

JEANIE.*

You've forgotten me now, Jeanie,
And your evenings by the sea,
When the silvered mist of twilight
Crept upon us silently.
And we heeded not the twilight,
Nor the shadows as they fell,
While you listened to the story
I had longed, yet feared, to tell.
You've forgotten how we loitered
Homewards by the churchyard stile;
Talking of the days you'd brighten,
Building castles all the while.
And I thought you true and tender,
And the world so fair and bright,
As your sweet smile gleamed upon me
Thro' the starry veil of night.
And I never told you, Jeanie,
How I toiled the long nights through
For the little store I gathered,
And the home I made for you.
And when all my hopes seemed brightest,
From my life its sunshine fled,
For you changed and left me, Jeanie,
And the old sweet love was dead.

LOUISA GRAY.

* Copyright.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

ALEXANDRA THEATRE.—Last Saturday was the evening appointed for Mr Pede's benefit (the able and persevering manager). The programme was varied, and consisted of the American drama, *Under the Gaslight*; the waterfall scene from Mr Pede's very pretty opera *The Magic Pearl* (in which Miss Beresford made her *début*); a characteristic Ballet divertissement; and M. Charles Lecocq's opera, *Eighteen Years in one Hour*, (*Le Rajah de Mysore*). The entertainment gave evident satisfaction, and Mr Pede, we hope, was satisfied in a pecuniary, as he must have been in an artistic, point of view.—F. A. JEWSON.

HERR SCHUBERTS, founder and director of the Schubert Society, gave a concert at St Peter's Hall, Underhill Road, Dulwich, on Tuesday evening last, assisted by Miss Violet Grandville, Miss Kate Sullivan, and Herr Warrenrath, as vocalists; and Miss Florence Sanders, Herr Schubert, Herr Wedemeyer, Mr E. Downs (of Underhill Road), Mr George Webb, and Mr E. Deane, as instrumentalists. The concert commenced with Haydn's Quartet in C major, played by Herr Wedemeyer and his pupil, Mr E. Downs, Mr E. Deane, and Herr Schubert, and concluded with Mozart's Quintet in A major—Op. 108, for two violins, tenor, violoncello, and clarinet, played by the same artists, and Mr George Webb (clarinet). Sullivan's songs, "Will he come?" and "Orpheus with his lute" were sung by Miss Kate Sullivan. A clarinet solo was played by Mr George Webb; a pianoforte solo on *Les Huguenots* (Prudent), was played by Miss Florence Sanders; a song by M. Odoardo Barri, a serenata (violoncello *obbligato*, Herr Schubert), by Braga, and a scene from *Faust*, were sung by Miss Violet Grandville; a Danish song (encored), and one by M. Gounod was given by Herr Warrenrath; a violoncello solo—"Intermezzo" (Tour), by Herr Schubert; and a trio in C major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Haydn, was played by Mr E. Deane, Mr E. Downs, and Herr Schubert. The concert altogether satisfied a very appreciative audience.

PROVINCIAL.

SCARBOROUGH.—An interesting event took place on March 16th, at Mr Hunt's, Prince of Wales' Hotel, South Cliff, viz., the presentation of a massive silver salver, and a silver mounted *bâton* to Dr Sloman, as a testimonial from the members of the Scarborough Amateur Vocal and Instrumental Society—a society which he established, and which he has successfully conducted, during the past five years. Dr Sloman being about to leave Scarborough, the members of the above-named society, and other friends, determined to present him with some material expression of their appreciation of his ability as a musician, and of the gentlemanly courtesy and kindness he has so unvaryingly manifested during the course of his professional and personal intercourse with them. The presentation was made by W. H. Smyth, Esq., who made a suitable speech, and Dr Sloman then eloquently and feelingly returned thanks. At the close of the proceedings the salver was handed round for the inspection of the company. Its massive character and chaste pattern were equally admired. It bore in the centre the following inscription:—"Presented to R. Sloman, Esq., Mus. Doc., by the members of the Scarborough Amateur Vocal and Instrumental Society, as a token of esteem, and in recognition of his gratuitous services as Conductor of the Society during the past five years.—Scarborough, 17th March, 1875." The *bâton* was also much admired.

HERR JOACHIM has left London for the Continent.

MILLE MARIE KREBS and Dr Hans von Bülow will, we are informed, spend a portion of the summer season in London.

The illness of the Marquis de Caux, in St Petersburg, was, though sharp, happily not of long duration. Madame Patti is now in Vienna, where she will be rejoined in a few days by her husband, then, it is hoped, completely restored to health. Mme Patti's representations at the Opera, Vienna, will, therefore, take place as announced.

HERR MAJESTY'S OPERA.—About Mr Mapleson's prospectus, just issued for the approaching season, we must defer speaking until our next number. Enough, at present, that it is full of promise, and that its not least interesting feature is the absolute pledge to produce Wagner's *Lohengrin*, with a cast as things go that could scarcely be made stronger.

FOR Easter Monday two concerts are announced in the Royal Albert Hall. Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli, will sing popular songs and ballads at both, and Dr Stainer play solos on the great organ. Glees will be sung at the afternoon concert by the Glee Party, under Mr Montem Smith's direction, and, in the evening, part-songs by the Part-Song Choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society.

Paper.

"... A handmaid and messenger of Memory.
A recorder of the aspirations of Genius."

(From "Another World.")

There is a peculiarity in the leaf of the Allmanyska which I will now mention; but, to make myself intelligible, I must give you some few facts about our paper, of which we have an unlimited supply, and which is made from the leaves of nearly every kind of tree, gathered just before they begin to fade, but whilst still green. Dead leaves are used for other purposes.

The leaves of some trees make finer paper than others, and, though every kind of leaf is available, one kind only at a time is used to make paper of the finest quality. Mixed leaves are used to make paper of a common and coarser kind.

All papers, when dried in the sun, have a glossy surface, and none can be torn, or ignited by the application of fire; the paper will smoulder, but not burst into flame. Our paper is transparent, and is besides so very light, soft, and pliable, that in warm weather it is used for children's dresses. Very pretty it is to see the graceful movements of the little creatures' limbs through the pellucid costumes, which are made complete without a seam, the material being most beautifully fine, like one of the silk gauzes of your India.

In our world it was well known that paper could be made from rags, but this material was not as plentiful as leaves, and we discovered, moreover, that it was injurious to the workmen, whilst the manufacture from leaves not only produces a paper far superior to that made with rags, but is a most healthful occupation.

Our trees are, I believe, more numerous than yours; but you have many trees even in Europe from the leaves of which excellent paper of a kind similar to ours could be made, as for instance, the horse-chestnut and oak. The horse-chestnut leaf makes some of the best paper; the leaves of the lilac-tree and of the apple-tree are also excellent; but perhaps the best leaf of all for very fine paper is the vine leaf, which has less moisture and gives less trouble in the preparation.

In the manufacture of paper the leaves are subjected to a great pressure, and the fragrance emitted from the crushed leaves is delicious, and considered very wholesome, so much so indeed that young children are often sent to reside near the place where the leaves are being crushed to inhale the fragrance.

The original moisture is removed by a substance, chiefly consisting of a very fine sand, beautifully compounded with other materials, and spread over a hard plant stuff. This laid on the pressed pulp sucks out all the original moisture. The fine sand material, though possessing quite a smooth surface, is like a sponge in its power of suction, and, when used, is unrolled and pressed over the pulp by a machine.

This done, the plate containing the paper is moved to an adjoining part of the building, which is roofless, and is there exposed to the rays of the sun, which finishes the drying process and gives a beautiful glaze or polish to the paper. Nothing so well dries the paper as the sun, as we have proved by frequent experiments. After the sun, fire is the most efficacious agent; but this gives the paper a dead and chill appearance.

Our paper is as good as yours, though not better to write upon. I have already informed you of some of the points of difference between them. Paper can be made to almost any size, and without any seam. One other peculiarity is that our paper makes no more noise when doubled up than a piece of linen.

Permes (Communicator.)

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(From our Correspondent.)

The performance of *Joseph en Egypte*, at the Royal Operahouse, was preceded recently by the finale of Mendelssohn's uncompleted opera of *Lorely*. Mad. Voggenhuber sang the soprano part. The fragment was received with much applause, and there is no doubt that it gains from being given on the stage, with all the scenic and other accessories appertaining thereto.

Mad. Dreyschock has given, for a charitable purpose, a performance in the Singacademie, of Robert Schumann's *Pilgerfahrt der Rose*, the choruses being sung by her pupils, male and female, assisted by experienced amateurs. Among the solo vocalists were Mesdames Schubert, Lammert, and Herr Herrlich. Mad. Dreyschock herself conducted, and Herr Constantin Sternberg accompanied on the piano.—Writing in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, Herr Richard Wüerst says:

"Herr Hofmann, who introduced the Swedish ladies to our notice during the course of the winter, hit upon the unfortunate idea of selecting the first act of Richard Wagner's *Walküre* as the programme of a concert. It is true that, to carry it out, he selected very excellent vocalists, namely, Mdlle Schefsky, from Munich, Herr Gross, the heroic tenor, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and Herr Hertzsich, bass, from Leipzig, together with two pianists, Mr Jeffery, from Plymouth, and Herr Pietz, from Gotha. The last two gentlemen know not only how to play, but, also, how to accompany. The venture, based upon the attraction exerted by the famous name of the composer, and by the much talked of work, was, however, a failure. We believe that a spirit of speculation, and not zeal for the "master," or the good cause at Bayreuth, animated the concert-giver in what he did. Whoever means well to Wagner and Bayreuth does not produce in a concert-room a fragment of *Die Walküre*, bereft of orchestra and scenery. With Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Weber, and others, there would be some sense in giving an act of an unknown opera with the piano in a concert-room, for with them the principal thing is the music, and the great feature in that the vocal parts, which, with the orchestral accompaniment, constitute well-rounded and sharply defined compositions. With Wagner, all this is reversed. The orchestra plays, and is accompanied by declamatorially treated vocal parts, the principal thing being no one separate element, such as the drama, the scenery, the orchestra, or the vocal music, but the entire art-work of the Future. Anyone getting up such maimed performances causes people, in a certain degree, to form an erroneous opinion."

The direction of the concert was confided to Herr Mühlhörfer, of Leipzig. A second concert, for the benefit of the Bayreuth Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre was given a short time after the first, but the room presented a beggarly account of empty benches.

WHO WOULD NOT BE A BOY AGAIN?

(Copyright.)

'Mid life's dull cares, when mem'ry turns
To some long vanished joy,
Who has not thought—who ne'er has felt—
Once more were I a boy?
What gentle dreams were wont to fill
Our peaceful slumbers then!
Oh! happy dreams, that never come
In after years again!
Who would not be a boy again—
A frank, light-hearted boy—
Without a grief, without a care,
To cloud the present joy?
With bounding heart at break of dawn,
To wake to new delight;
Glad heralds of the opening day,
Sweet visions through the night.
To live again with young heart's glee
The giddy hours of play;
To conjure back the cherished hopes
Rude time hath swept away.
Oh! I would be a boy again—
A frank, light-hearted boy—
With no cold sense of wasted years
To still the pulse of joy.

ADA LESTER.

SIGNOR SCHIRA AT VENICE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Directors of the Fenice have addressed the following letter to Sig. Schira:—

DIRECTION OF THE TEATRO DELLA FENICE,
Venice, 24th February.

No. 368.

The brilliant success obtained at this theatre by your opera, *Selvaggia*, has confirmed the reputation which you deservedly enjoy among musical composers. The Direction, admiring the talent for which you are distinguished, are delighted that continued applause should have recompensed, as was but just, your fine work, and trust that ere long they will be present at the production, on the same stage, of some other score of yours, being certain that they will be present at a fresh triumph. With the greatest consideration,

The Direction:—GIOVANNI LAZZARI,
GIUSEPPE CONTIN,
DR GIUSEPPE ZANRINI,
G. BRENNI, Secretary.

To the CAVALIERE FRANCESCO SCHIRA,
Maestro di Musica.

It is affirmed that, in consequence of the great success achieved by *Selvaggia*, another opera, *Lia*, by the same genial composer, will be produced next Carnival.

A Nautical Song.

(For Music.)

To sail the seas is my delight,
And bend a bowline on a bight,
To fish the cro'jack yard, and haul
On topsail lifts, true bliss I call,
I'd fling mynablin's to the crowds
To scale the giddy futtock shrouds.
So yeo heave ho!
Stand by! Let go! [below.
While skulks and lubbers sneak
An everlasting joy pursues [clews,
The sheets, the buntlines, and the
Amid the rattlings gaily strays,
And keeps on sliding down the stays,
And through the deadeyes and the
sheaves
Unending bliss for ever reeves.
Spite rain or fog
Let's heave the log,
And toast her in three-water 'grog!

The cockroach on the giddy truck
Shall note us, envious of our luck,
Shall grovel on the lower deck
And whip a lanyard round his neck,
Or with a Matthew Walker knot
Shall end his most unhappy lot.
So haul away!
Cast loose! Belay!
(For that's the sort of thing to say).
Hurrah! till cruel Fate forbids
I'll dwell 'mid marlinespikes and
fids,
And dissipate all thoughts of gloom
With bobstays or a stunsail boom.
If life with sorrow crowds my cup,
I'll send the mizen-topsail up,
And with a sneer
The chafing gear
I'll calmly bid to disappear!

Fun.

MILAN.—Ponchielli's opera, *I Liuvani*, revised and augmented, has been produced at the Scala. The principal artists, Signora Mariani, Signori Maini, Bolis, and Pantaleoni, were good; the chorus and orchestra efficient. The next opera will be *La Lega*, by Sig. Yosse.—M. Adolphe Adam's *Postillon de Longjumeau* is announced at the Teatro Santa Radegonda.—The company at the Teatro Carcano have been playing *La Forza del Destino*, *Ione*, and *Il Guarany*.

BERLIN.—At the Reichshallen Concert, on March 10th, under the direction of Professor Julius Stern, the programme contained the following pieces:—Unfinished Symphony, B Minor—Schubert; Concerto for piano—Liszt (played by Herr Rutenberger); the "Liederkreis" of Beethoven (sung by Mdlle Conradi); Loreley, a Legend for Orchestra, with harp obbligato, by C. Oberthür (the harp part played by Herr W. Posse, of the Royal Operahouse); Overture to *Tannhäuser*, and Fantasia for the harp on airs from *Oberon*—Parish-Alvars (played by Herr W. Posse).

PRAGUE.—The Bohemia of March 9th, in its report of the fourth concert of the Conservatorium, says that there was a particular interest in the programme in consequence of Herr Oberthür, first professor of the harp at the London Academy of Music, and honorary member of the Prague Conservatorium, being announced to play. We had the opportunity, six years ago, of hearing this renowned artist at a concert of the Conservatorium. Without making comparisons with the former "Liszt of the harp," we may state that Herr Oberthür again proved himself the first performer on the "royal" instrument of our days. He played Parish-Alvars' Concerto (with orchestra) in E, showing a complete mastery over all its difficulties; also a Fantasia of his own composition, "Souvenir de Londres," with equally charming effect. Herr Oberthür was cordially received, recalled after every piece, and compelled to play another solo.

BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

In consequence of the indisposition of MM. Warot and Devoyod, the production of *La Reine de Chypre*, at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, has had again to be postponed. M. Devoyod's place will be temporarily filled by M. Rongé, who has consented to play the part of Lusignan, to extricate M. Compocasso from an embarrassing position—the public growing impatient. *La Reine de Chypre*, by MM. Saint-Georges and Halévy, was brought out in Paris on the 22nd December, 1841, and in this capital on the 21st August, 1844. With the title *Catarina Cornaro, Königin von Cypern*, M. de Saint-Georges' libretto was translated into German, for the Theatre Royal at Munich, where it was represented with music by F. Lachner, on the 3rd December, 1841—that is to say, nineteen days before Halévy's work was produced at the Grand Opera, Paris.

M. Edmond Vander Straeten has made an interesting discovery in the Belgian Archive Office, concerning the death of Jean Tinctoris, to whom the town of Nivelles will shortly erect a bronze statue. The greatest musical theorist of the 15th century died in 1511. This date, hitherto unknown, confirms two other facts: the return of Tinctoris to the low countries, and his appointment to a canonry in the collegial church of Nivelles. The following is a literal translation of the document (which is in Flemish), found by M. Vander Straeten:—"Of a petition for Pierre de Coninck to enter into possession of a prebend at Nivelles, vacant by the death of the late Maître Jean Tinctoris, and this in virtue of certain apostolic bulls, etc., of the date of the 12th October, 1511; (signed): HANE DEN VIJ S. VJ."

Tines for Music.

SPRING.

(Copyright.)

How the old earth brightens
At the touch of Spring!
And her dark face lightens
With rare blossoming!
Snowdrops, lilies, "lady-smocks,
All silver white," appear;
White thorn, primroses in flocks,
And May-bloom—sweetest there.
How the old earth brightens
At the touch of Spring!
And her dark face whitens
With rare blossoming!
Robes of velvet greenness
Newly deck her form;
Winter's blight and meanness
Gone with Winter's storm.
The daisies on her breast awake;
And streams, with chattering glee,
Bright glancing in the sunshine, make
Her garments' broderie.
How the old earth brightens, &c.
O, thou sweet new-comer!
Welcome to our eyes,
More than regal summer,
With her gorgeous skies.
Thou waker of bird-voices
In every budding tree,
Each grateful heart rejoices
To hail and welcome thee.
How the old earth brightens, &c.

March, 1875.

MARIA THANETTA WILLIAMS.

PAU.—Mlle de Belloc has been singing here with great success in *Il Barbiere*.

CAIRO.—Both *Dinorah* and Verdi's *Mass* are in rehearsal at the Vice-Royal Theatre.

BARCELONA.—M. Ambroise Thomas' *Mignon* has proved a great success at the Teatro del Liceo.

TRIESTE.—Verdi's *Aida* and *Requiem Mass* for Manzoni will be performed at the Teatro Comunale next autumn.

LIEGE.—*La Statue*, by M. Ernest Rayer, has just been performed at the Théâtre Royal, M. Monjaux singing the principal part, which he "created" at the Théâtre-Lyrique, Paris, in 1861.

WAIFS.

Dr Robert Sloman has been presented with a handsome testimonial from the Scarborough Amateur Vocal and Instrumental Society.

Mlle Ida Corani, according to a telegram received from Catania, by the Italian journal, *Il Trovatore*, made a *furor* in *Lucia*, at the Italian Opera in that city, and was "recalled" several times in the course of the evening.

The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress entertained a select circle of guests at a semi-private banquet on Tuesday evening, in celebration of the Golden Wedding of Mr and Mrs Ransford. A large number of his friends and admirers took advantage of the opportunity to testify their esteem for the veteran by subscribing to a very handsome service of plate, which was presented to him by his Lordship.

It is with much regret that we announce the death of Mr H. L. Bateman, the well-known manager of the Lyceum Theatre. Up to Sunday evening the deceased gentleman was supposed to be in the enjoyment of perfect health. On Monday morning, however, he was taken suddenly ill, and in the evening, while the play of *Hamlet* was proceeding, quietly passed away in his sleep at home, the exact moment being unknown. It is believed that Mr Bateman was suffering from disease of the heart. In consequence of this melancholy occurrence the performances at the theatre are suspended till Monday.

The third concert of the Royal Albert Hall Amateur Orchestral Society was given on Saturday evening. His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh took his accustomed seat in the orchestra, and at half-past eight the performance commenced with Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony. In the overture to *La Gazza Ladra* the band played with a confidence rare in an amateur orchestra. The introduction to the 3rd act of *Lohengrin* was repeated by "request." The band accompanied the Clarinet obligato, from Mozart's Clarinet Quintet, played by Mr Leonard Beddome, an amateur possessing ability. Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne*, overture brought the concert to an end. The vocalists appeared to be suffering from the colds more or less epidemic during the last month. Between the parts of the concert, Mr W. S. Bambridge gave a composition of his own and Henry Smart's *Allegro Pomposo* on the great organ. The Princess of Wales and Duchess of Edinburgh honoured the performance with their presence. The hall was well filled, and the result will undoubtedly prove acceptable to the Middlesex Hospital, for whose benefit the concert was given. The next is fixed for the 24th of April, when an endeavour will be made to give some choral and orchestral compositions, in which the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society may co-operate with the Amateur Orchestral Society.

ROME.—*Aida* continues very attractive at the Teatro Apollo.

ST PETERSBURG.—Four new and original operas by Russian composers are to be produced in this capital, Moscow, and Kiew, respectively, during the coming season. They are *Angelo*, by Cesar Kui; *Wakula*, the *Smith*, by Tchaikoffsky and Mussorsky; *Chowansky's Partisans*, by Mussorsky; and *St Mary's Grove*, by Galler.

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4. *On the sea Gounod.
5. *The Bee Barnett.
6. *Song of the Water Smart.

BOOK II.

7. *Oh, boatman, row Donizetti.
8. *Village bride Costa.
9. *Pilgrim's evening Wagner.
10. *Music of the night Walton.
11. *I love my love Allen.
12. *Hark! o'er the Wallace.

BOOK III.

13. *Now lightly we Balfe.
14. *Hark! o'er the Balfe.
15. *A psalm of life Pissuti.
16. *Araby's daughter Oberthur.
17. *Come o'er the waters Bonaldi.
18. *Where the fairies Balfe.

BOOK IV.

19. *The skylark Gilbert.
20. *Hark! the Gondolier Riccardi.
21. *Too late Barnett.
22. *When the moon is Bishop.
23. *The sun has been Bishop.
24. *Bridal Chorus Barnett.

BOOK V.

25. *Merry minstrels are Wagner.
26. *Good morning Lillo.
27. *Hark! the merry Flotow.
28. *With song of bird Flotow.
29. *Happy as the day Wallace.
30. *The red cross banner Badia.

BOOK VI.

31. *The distant bell Badia.
32. *The sunset bell Pissuti.
33. *Who'll follow Paggi.
34. *Sleep on Balfe.
35. *O the summer night Prentice.
36. *O hear ye not Smart.

BOOK VII.

37. *Sea flowers Barnett.
38. *Forest home Benedict.
39. *Warbler of the forest Benedict.
40. *Thoughts of home Benedict.
41. *Welcome Spring Philp.
42. *The noisy mill Paggi.

BOOK VIII.

43. *Faith Rossini.
44. *Hope Rossini.
45. *Charity Rossini.
46. *Fairy Isle Campagna.
47. *Autumn leaves Balfe.
48. *Let us haste to the Bishop.

BOOK IX.

49. *The Village Church Becker.
50. *Come, sisters, come Gordigiani.
51. *The Zingari Balfe.
52. *Morning T. Handley.
53. *Evening T. Handley.
54. *Sleep, gentle lady Bishop.

BOOK X.

55. *The Rhine Boat Arditi.
56. *Angels that around Wallace.
57. *Happy Wanderer Abt.
58. *Through the grassy Balfe.
59. *Our happy valley Bordese.
60. *Blessed be the Home Benedict.

BOOK XI.

61. *Happy, smiling faces Gomes.
62. *Fairest flowers Pissuti.
63. *Goddess of the dawn Smart.
64. *At our spinning wheel Wagner.
65. *How can we sing Verdi.
66. *The standard waves Bishop.

BOOK XII.

67. *A spring sun peepeth out Richards.
68. *The storm Richards.
69. *Lightly, softly Flotow.
70. *Over woodland, over plain Pissuti.
71. *Flow softly, flow Costa.
72. *Rowing bravely Campagna.

BOOK XIII.

73. *Buzzing Ranegger.
74. *Softly now Duggan.
75. *The Sleigh Bells Anderton.
76. *Dancing Sunbeams Rossini.
77. *Fair and fertile valley Guglielmo.
78. *Friendship Allen.

BOOK XIV.

79. *Our Vesper Hymn Ricci.
80. *Our last farewell Curschman.
81. *Flower Greeting Curschman.
82. *Hark the Pilot Bishop.
83. *While the days are bright Bordese.
84. *Sweet Bird of Heaven Wallace.

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"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang, in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starving child, the burden being:

"Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary."

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard*, Nov. 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard*, Nov. 16.

"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem, 'Hush, I cannot bear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Fall Mail Gazette*, Nov. 11.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

"Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary."

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully."—*Athenaeum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8 of the 'Dichterliebe'), and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Observer*, Nov. 15.

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"Mr Sullivan's graceful song—a novelty—was rendered by Miss Edith Wynne with much refined expression; and the applause which followed necessitated its entire repetition."—*Daily News*, January 13.

"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

"Miss Edith Wynne, who gave, in her own genuine and expressive manner, a graceful new song, 'Tender and True,' by Mr Arthur Sullivan, which was encored and repeated."—*Graphic*, January 16.

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

MR MAPLESON HAS THE HONOUR TO INFORM THE PATRONS OF HER MAJESTY'S OPERA THAT THE SEASON WILL BEGIN ON
SATURDAY, APRIL 10th.

The performances will again be given in the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, pending the completion of the Grand National Operahouse, now in course of erection on the Victoria Embankment. Mr Mapleson is much gratified in having secured such an eligible site for the new Operahouse. No better situation could be possibly found in London, on account of its ready access from the fashionable quarters. It is contemplated that the new theatre shall be kept open during nearly the whole year; in summer, for the purpose of giving performances of Italian Opera, and in winter for the production of works by native composers. Mr Mapleson cannot allow this opportunity to pass without thanking Mr F. B. Chatterton, who so readily placed the magnificent theatre at his disposal on the destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre, notwithstanding the many advantageous offers received from other quarters.

The Director, anxious to distinguish his last season at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, has arranged to produce, for the first time in this country, Herr RICHARD WAGNER's renowned *chef d'œuvre*, "LOHENGRIN," for which new scenery is being prepared by Mr William Beverly. The *mise-en-scène* and decorations will be of the most elaborate description. The Director refers with pleasure to the cast of this work, feeling confident that it is one of the greatest ever presented. The whole will be under the immediate superintendence of Sir Michael Costa. CHERUBIN's grand tragic Opera, "MEDEA," will be revived, with new scenery and decorations, Mlle Tietjens resuming her celebrated character of Medea—a part so eminently qualified to display her genius alike as a singer and an actress. The immense success which attended the production of BALFE's posthumous work, "IL TALISMANO," must be fresh in the minds of all; but, in consequence of the late period of the season when it was first represented, this opera may be fairly regarded as still a *quasi* novelty. Madame Nilsson will resume her original character of Edith Plantagenet. "MIGNON" will be performed, for the first time these two years, with an efficient cast. Madame Christine Nilsson again appearing as Mignon. It is the intention of the Director, in order to meet the increasing taste for works of the highest artistic value, to devote an evening in each week, as an experiment, to the representation of an opera by one of the great classical composers. Mr Mapleson feels assured that by making such an appeal to amateurs, on purely musical grounds, his efforts must obtain their support.

The company will comprise the following artists:—

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 Mlle FELICITA PERINI (her first appearance).

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 Signor GALASSI.
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 Signor ZOBOLI.
 Signor CASABONI.
 Herr BEHRENS.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA.

The following novelties will be produced during the season:—

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"MIGNON" (THOMAS). Guglielmo, M. Capoul; Lotario, Signor Castelmari; Laerte, Signor Rinaldini; Gierno, Signor Costa; Frederico, Mme Trebell-Bettini; Filina, Mlle Louise Singelli; and also by Mlle Carlotta Grossi; and Mignon, Madame Christine Nilsson.

"MEDEA" (CHERUBINI). Jason, Signor Bignardi; Creonto, Herr Behrens; Neris, Madame Trebell-Bettini; Dires, Mlle Carlotta Grossi; Lamia, Mlle Risarelli; Clytie, Mlle Bauermeister; and Medea, Mlle Tietjens.

"IL TALISMANO" (BALFE). Sir Kenneth, Signor Campanini; Richard Cour de Lion, Signor Rota; Nechtanus, Signor Catalani; Berengaria, Mlle Marie Roze; and Edith Plantagenet, Madame Christine Nilsson.

It is also intended to produce a new and original Opera, in four acts, entitled, "GLI AMANTI DI VERONA." Music by the Marquis d'YVY. Juliette, Madame Christine Nilsson.

"FAUST" (GOUNOD). Faust, M. Capoul, also by Signor Italo Campanini; Mephistopheles, Signor Castelmari, also by Signor Rota; Valentine, Signor De Reschi; Siebel, Madame Trebell-Bettini; Martha, Madame Demerio-Lablache; and Marguerite, Madame Christine Nilsson.

"LA CATERINA." (*Les Diommes de la Couronne*) (AUBER). Don Enrico di Sandoval, M. Capoul; Diana, Mlle Risarelli; and La Caterina, Mlle Louise Singelli.

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"DER FREISCHUTZ" (WEBER). Max, Signor Bignardi; Caspar, Herr Behrens; Orenita, Signor Costa; Otaker, Signor Rinaldini; Annetta, Mlle Bauermeister; and Agata, Mlle Tietjens.

"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR" (DONIZETTI). Edgardo, Signor Campanini; Aston, Signor Galassi; and Lucia, Mme Christine Nilsson, also by Mlle Elena Varesi; &c., &c.

"UN BALLO IN MASCHERA" (VERDI). Riccardo, Signor Campanini; Renato, Signor Rota; Samuel, Signor Castelmari; Tommaso, Herr Behrens; Ulrica, Madame Trebell-Bettini; Oscar, Mlle Carlotta Grossi, also by Mlle Risarelli; and Anzola, Mlle Tietjens; &c., &c.

"LA TRAVIATA" (VERDI). Alfredo, M. Capoul; Germont, Signor Galassi; and Violetta, Mme Christine Nilsson, also by Mlle Elena Varesi; &c., &c.

"LUCREZIA BORGIA" (DONIZETTI). Gennaro, Signor Campanini, also by Signor Gillandi; Duc Alfonso, Herr Behrens; Maffio Orsini, Madame Trebell-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mlle Tietjens.

"LES HUGUENOTS" (MEYERBEER). Raoul de Nangis, Signor Fancelli, also by Signor Campanini; Nevers, Signor Galassi; St Bris, Signor Castelmari; Marcel, Herr Behrens; Urbano, Madame Trebell-Bettini; Margarita di Valois, Mlle Carlotta Grossi, also by Mlle Pernini; and Valentine, Mlle Tietjens, also by Madame Christine Nilsson; &c., &c.

"SEMIRAMIDE" (ROSSINI). Assur, Signor Galassi; Oroce, Herr Behrens; Idreno, Signor Rinaldini; L'Ombra, Signor Costa; Arsace, Mlle Trebell-Bettini; and Semiramide, Mlle Tietjens.

"RIGOLETTO" (VERDI). Il Duca, Signor Gillandi; Rigoletto, Signor Galassi; Sparafucella, Signor Castelmari; Monterona, Signor Costa; Maddalena, Madame Trebell-Bettini; and Gilda, Mlle Elena Varesi.

"LE NOZZE DI FIGARO" (MOZART). Cherubino, Madame Trebell-Bettini, also by Mlle Elena Varesi; Il Conte, Signor De Reschi; Figaro, Signor Galassi; Don Bartolo, Signor Zoboli; Susannah, Mlle Pernini; and La Contessa, Mlle Tietjens.

"IL FLAUTO MAGICO" (MOZART). Tamino, Signor Paladini; Papageno, Signor Catalani; Sarastro, Herr Behrens; Astrifiamante, Mlle Carlotta Grossi, also by Mlle Louise Singelli; Papagena, Mlle Risarelli; I tre Geni, Mlle Bauermeister; Madame Marie Roze, and Madame Trebell-Bettini; and Pamina, Mlle Tietjens.

"OTELLO" (ROSSINI). Otello, Signor Fancelli; Desdemona, Madame Christine Nilsson.

"DON GIOVANNI" (MOZART). Donna Elvira, Mme Christine Nilsson; Don Ottavio, Signor Gillandi; Don Giovanni, Signor De Reschi; Leporello, Herr Behrens; Il Commendatore, Signor Costa; Masetto, Signor Zoboli; Zerlina, Madame Trebell-Bettini, also by Mlle Elena Varesi; and Donna Anna, Mlle Tietjens.

Maestro al Piano	Signor LI CALSI
Assistant Accompanist	Mr F. COWEN
First Violin and Soloist	Mons. SAINTON
Chorus Master	Mr SMYTHSON
Organist	Mr WILLING
The Military Band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of	Mr F. GODFREY
Suggeritore	Signor RIALP
Decorator	Mr BRADWELL
Machinist	Mr TUCKER
Artists' Costumiers	Miss ANSELL and Mr COOMBS
Scenic Artist	Mr WILLIAM BEVERLY
Stage Manager	Mr EDWARD STIRLING
Assistant ditto	Mr A. HARRIS
For the Ballet Divertissements	Mlle ROSINA VALE and Mlle BLANCHE RICOIS
Ballet Master	Mr J. CORMACK

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL CONSIST OF THIRTY-FIVE NIGHTS, VIZ.:

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Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, March, 1875.